COREA AND THE COREANS

OBSERVATIONS OF THE HON. G. N. CURZON, M. P.

PROBLEMS OF THE FAR EAST. By the Hon.
George N. Curzon, M. P., Fellow of All Souls
College, Oxford, author of "Russia in Central
Asia" and "Persia" "Japan—Corea—China." Pp.
xx, Hl. Longmans, Green & Co.

So much has been written about Japan and China within the last twenty years that a part of Mr. Curzon's narrative seems less useful than It might be under other conditions; but when he comes to Corea he breaks new ground. The interest in the war between Japan and China now In progress in the Corean peninsula is practically universal. It is felt to be a test case between the unyielding conservatism of China and the European civilization adopted by Japan. The very first question asked by one familiar with the movement of troops must be as to the nature of the country through which the Japanese troops have had to travel in order to win their victories. Mr. Curzon found that there were no made roads in the country, and that the paths by which people travelled were wide or narrow according the extent with which they were trodden. Corea is a mountainous country, and these footpaths are frequently steep and stony in the extreme, and in remote regions the traveller found that he had to make his way along the precipitous and bowlder-strewn bed of a mountain torrent, over jagged rocks where only a Corean pony could pick its way. He points to this absence of roads as one of the most troublesome obstacles that stand between Corea and the full enjoyment of her advantages. This almost unmore than ordinary fertility, vast tracts of still pression. He found them uniformly tall, robust known country has an excellent climate, a soil of virgin land and a robust rural population. Already she is rising into importance as an exporter of rice and beans, but her trade is hampered by the lack of communication between the producing and the consuming areas and between the interior and the coast. "There are no roads in the country," he adds, "in any sense in which the word would be understood in Europe. The pack-roads are mere bridle-tracks which frequently degenerate into rocky torrent-beds or precarious footpaths across inundated swamps. No one looks after them; they are never repaired. Transport upon them is very costly and on some occasions absolutely prohibited. No means for conveying the surplus produce of any area to an available market in time of dearth are forthcoming; and one district may be smitten with sore famine, while its neighbor, at no great distance, cannot get rid of its superfluous grain." He is equally emphatic as to the defects of

river and coast communication. There are five navigable rivers in Corea, but only on two of these do steamboats attempt to ply. This is partly due to the shifting of river channels, but the main reason is the indolence of the population. Coastwise trade might easily be made profitable, but the Corean junk is one of the least seaworthy of crafts, and even with better shipping he doubts whether either monopolies or bountles would have a headpiece accommodated to every situaever galvanize into activity an undertaking tion and almost every incident in life, is a third." owned and worked by such people as the Coreans. The climate of Corea is such as to promise the inhabitants long life and strength, but their habits of life and their morality have rendered them subject to many forms of ailment and women busy. Wherever he went about the disease. While most Corean men have only one wife, they keep as many concubines as their circumstances permit, and the lower orders have all the vice that accompany the utter lack of cleanliness and decency. The subjection of the people to a government which has never tolerated individual enterprise and has reduced all except the privileged classes to a dead level of uncomplaining poverty has left the nation inert, listless and apathetic. "As individuals they possess many attractive characteristics, the upper classes being polite, cultivated, friendly, to foreigners and priding themselves on correct deportment; while the lower orders are good tempered, though very excitable cheerful and talkative. Beyond a certain point, however, both classes relapse into a imilar indifference which takes the form of an indolent protest against action of any kind. The politician in Seoul remains civil, but is wholly deaf to persuasion. The cooley works one day and dawdles away his wages upon the two next. The mapu, or ostler, takes his own time about his own and his pack-pony's meals, and no reasoning or compulsion in the world would disturb han from his complacent languor. These idie syncrasies may only be interesting to the unconcerned student of national character, but they are of capital importance in their bearing on national life; when, further, they are crystallized into hardness and are inflamed by the habits of an upper and official class-which subsists by extortion and prohibits, outside its own limits, either the exercise of surplus activity or the accumulation of wealth-they explain how it is that the Corean people remain poor amid stores otherwise be a hundred incentives to diligence, nervous in the face either of competition or of peril. I have seen a Corean cooley carrying a weight that would make the stout st ox stagger, and yet I have seen three Coreans lazily employed in turning up the soil with a single

the labor of three men without augmenting the strength of one." The population of Corea according to the author's observations may be divided into two classes, the yangban, composed of officials who cannot work without losing caste, and the masses who have to furnish the means for the idlers to live upon and who are practically forced to steal from their own earnings enough to keep body and soul together. "Poverty in the sense of destitution there is not, but poverty in the sense of having no surplus beyond the bare means of livelihood and of the paralysis of all enterprise is almost universal. Any less indoleng people might be expected to rebel; and occasional magisterial encroachments beyond the limits of practice or endurance result in shortlived spasms of mutiny, in the course of which an offending official is selzel and perhaps, as happened once in 1881, is burned al.ve; but ordirarily this implies too great an exertion; the people are unarmed and very belpless and the system is mutely acquiesced in, unless pushed to intolerable extremes." Of course Mr. Curzon found that this shiftlessness of the people was reflected in the character of the army. Though a good deal of effort has been expended to raise the Corean soldiery above the ordinary Oriental standard by means of drill in Western tactics, the result has apparently not been encouraging. On one occasion the author got a view of the militia called out to guard the King on a gala day. At an early hour in the morning he found the infantry lining the roadway, but still asleep on the ground. There were almost as many flags as there were men. Mr. Curzon had the curiosity to examine the muskets that were piled together and found that nearly all of them were lestitute of either hammer, trigger or plate, and that some of the weapons lacked all three and were frequently held together by a string, while the bayonets were bent and rusty. He found the appearance of the cavalry even more surthan that of the footsoldiers. unted men had on uniforms which looked to be three hundred years old at least. Their heads were covered with battered helmets, their bodies were protected with cuirasses of black leather udded with brass bosses worn over a heavy erkin of moth-eaten brocade. Enormous jackote made it almost impossible for them to get on, horseback in spite of the fact that their horses were only about eleven hands high. The author was told that the infantry regiments, about 4,000 strong, which constitute the garrison of the capital, had shown some capacity for drill and discipline. Before 1834 the officers of hese regiments were Japanese; but since that sary outcome of the commercial and fiscal astime they have been under the instruction of

however, to exercise any command or even to ac-

company their men in the field. When Mr. Curzon investigated the matter the Seoul garrison was divided into three battalions and was armed with rifles of a great variety of pattern. Doubtplace, but it is doubtful if there has been much improvement in their efficiency. Mr. Curzon describes the native officers as beneath contempt. and adds: "As for the purely native regiments they are not a standing army, but a standing joke; while in Europe the cavalry would with difficulty secure an engagement as supers in the pantomime of a second-rate provincial stage. Once every twenty or thirty years a review of the entire force of the nation is held on a parade ground outside the city, the experiment being so costly that it cannot be more frequently repeated As a speciacle it is more unique even than the royal procession. One such review was held during the past summer. It was announced to begin at 9 a. m., but from that hour till 5 p. m. the 30,000 speciators on the ground compelled to wait before the vanguard of the royal cortege appeared. This consisted of no fewer than 10,000 persons, in the midst of whom the King and Crown Prince rode on horseback. troops, 7,000 to 8,000 in number, then marched past the saluting point, saluting by bowing their bodies to the ground. So unsatisfactory, however, was the display held to have been that there was great fluttering in the military dovegote, and the commander-in-chief was forthwith degraded from his post. Physically, however, the Coreans ought to furnish good raw material for soldiers. The men are stalwart, well-built, and bear themselves with a manly air, though, as Mr. Curzon remarks, of doesle and timid exand good-looking compared with those whom he calls "the diminutive, ugly, nimble, infomitable Japanese."

The women of the upper classes are rarely visible to foreign eyes, but those of humbler station may be seen by hundreds engaged in manual labor in the houses, streets and fields, and the author thought them hard-visaged, strong-limbed and masterful. What attracts attention at once is the peculiar arrangement of their dress, by which a short white bodice that covers the shoulders leaves the breasts entirely exposed, "while voluminous petticoats very full at the hips depend from a waist just below the armpits and all but conceal the coarse white or brown pantaloons below." Whether singly or in groups, standing still or moving about, Coreans, both men and women, are a picturesque sight. The first glimpse of these white-robed people, "whose figures if stationary might be mistaken at a distance for white mileposts or tombstones, if moving, for a colony of swans, acquaints the traveller with a national type and dress that are unique. A dirty people who insist upon dressing in white is a first peculiarity; a people who, inhabiting a northern and in winter a very rigorous latitude, will yet insist upon wearing cotton all the year round is a second. A people who always wear hats, and Mr. Curzon confesses his inability to account for the universal use of white cotton for the garments of Corean men, but he shrewdly suspects that the fashion is due to a desire to keep the streets of Seoul his ears were greeted with a mysterious tapping sound from within the closed shutters of the houses. "This is the housewife who is at work indoors with a wooden cylinder with which she beats, beats, beats her husband's white cotton clothes in order to give them the peculiar gloss which masculine fashion affects in Corea. Over their white cotton drawers, which terminate in a kind of padded stocking, the men of the middle classes wear an outer tunic or skirt of similar material, which is split up at the sides and looks very much like a nightshirt. Secretaries and persons in civil employ wear over this a similar semi-transparent garment in black. The women of the lower orders are also as entirely clad in white as a class of English girls going to a confirmation service; but in the upper classes a gown of green or crimson or purple, instead of hanging from the shoulders is drawn up over the head, with the sleeves hang-

ing down in two long lappets behind, and is

held closely together in front, admitting only a

be called religious feeling, they are careful to

While the people show little trace of what may

fugitive glimpse of black eyes behind."

propitiate evil spirits, resort frequ sorceresses and soothsayers, and carefully ob serve the precautions of a minute demonology Confucianism and a Buddhism similar to that of China prevail among the upper classes. The reverence of the people is reserved for the King, who in theory is absolute, hereditary and divine. In fact, however, the hedge of royal dignity has been so broken down of late years that the King is now seen, by foreigners at least, almost in the same light as his subjects. Mr. Curzon fourst of unprobed wealth, lethargic where there should | Li Hsi, the reigning king, a man of small stature and sallow complexion, with hair drawn tightly up from the forehead beneath the Corean skull cap, very slight eyebrows, small, vivacious black eyes, teeth discolored from chewing the betel, and a scanty black mustache and tuft below the chin. "Upon the royal brow was a shovel, by an arrangement of ropes that wasted | double-tierced violet headpiece. His robe was of scarlet figured silk-the royal color-with panels of gold embroidery upon the shoulders and breast and a gold-studded projecting belt." As the King is in theory divine, his person is sacred and inviolate. The usual method of reforming the Government in the past has been for the new party to assassinate the old ministry and then force the monarch to approve the act. In every case the first object of a conspiracy is to secure the person of the King. It is not his life, but his seal and signature which are sought. The present ruler, like his subjects, is amiable rather than bold or determined. To his lack of determination is due perhaps not only the growth of foreign influence, but the conflict of which Corea is now the scene, for to his weakness and indecision as well as to that of China may be attributed the ex traordinary diplomatic victories of Japan which made the present war a possibility. For three hundred years, that is, ever since the invasion of Corea by the Japanese conqueror, Hideyoshi, the feeling against the Japanese has been exceedingly bitter. On every occasion of popular tumult Japanese residents were the first to suffer. The submission to China was due as much perhaps to hatred of Japan as to fear of the Middle Kingdom. In accordance with the ideas of Oriental diplomacy, it was essential that no doubt should ever be cast on the suzerainty of China over the peninsula; and yet in the treaty of commerce concluded in 1876 between Japan and Cores the very first words of the first article were an assertion of Corean independence an assertion which "was foolishly winked at by China from the mistaken notion that by disavowing her connection with Corea she could escape the unpleasantness of being called to ac count for the delinquencies of her vassal." This advantage obtained by Japan led the way to a still more important bit of strategy in 1884. The Japanese representative had been forced by a never sober, he could not help being a buffoon. popular tumult to flee from Seoul. Japan, under the plea of providing against such incidents in future, sent a body c' troops to the Corean capital. The complaints of China were met by the Mikado's Government with an offer to withdraw these troops if China did the same with her military force. "By the convention of Tien-Tsin, which was negotiated in 1835 by Count Ito with the Viceroy L. Hung Chang, both parties agreed to withdraw their troops and not to send an armed force to Corea at any future date to suppress rebellion or disturbance without giving previous intimation to the other." Thus Chine conceded to Japan the possession of the same rights in Corea which she herself claimed. But these diplomatic victories were an almost neces-

cendancy which Japanese business men had ac-

pared with the indolent Coreans, with ample re-

rican drill masters, who were forbidden, quired in Cores. Active and industrious as com-

sources, Japanese colonists and merchants grad- such conduct was reprehensible, if not positively ually fastened a grip on the weaker country which, in the opinion of Mr. Curzon, it will be exceedingly difficult to shake off. He adds: "The | murder was about to change. For a short time Japanese have got the mint and banks already. the proper way to have an enemy done to death largely increased now that a war has taken | The Government is largely in their debt. They | was to accuse him of heresy or witchcraft; then are daily praying for concessions of every de- came days when the political spy and informer scription. Their eye has long been fixed upon the were busy persons. But assassination went on customs, at present in the hands of their rivals at about the same rate whatever the particular the Chinese, and in a few years' time they hope system that might be for the moment in vogue. to have obtained so commanding a hold upon the | Pessimists say that the world is still as bad as it national resources of Corea as to render her ever was. Nevertheless, a border rufflan of high political dependance upon China a constitutional facts may ultimately allow to expire." Though Mr. Curzon is far from friendly to Japan, his Kelley. narrative indicates that the diplomacy of that Beve in the reality of the philosopher's stone, in country with respect to Corea was a fit presage of her recent successes in war. His account of into gold, in the visions of eyes strained over the Japan and China is fully as interesting, though perhaps not so novel, as the chapters on Corea. diction of the subjection of the Chinese Empire. of life in the countries which the author describes. Mr. Curzon has some peculiarities of his own in the matter of orthography. The most noteworthy of these is his treatment of the name of the capital of Corea, which he gives in this form-Soul. This spelling will not suggest to his he says, "is best conveyed by saying that the way in which an Irishman pronounces the immortal part of him fairly represents the sound."

STUDIES IN WICKEDNESS.

SPECIMENS FROM CRIMINAL HISTORY.

LIVES OF TWELVE BAD MEN. Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels by Various Hands. Edited by Thomas Seccombe. Pp. xx., 373. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first question likely to occur to readers of this book is why the number of scoundrels is limited to twelve. No excess of confidence in human nature would lead any one to suppose that the list of eminently bad men was so short. On the contrary, it is plain that only an accident gave such creatures as Colonel Charteris, the gambler and libertine, and James Maclaine, the highwayman, their distinction. Swift, a keen observer, remarked that four-fifths of the villains and monsters" of Dublin were worse than Charteris. Maclaine appears to have been unusually timid even for a thief. These two can hardly figure as sole specimens of their kind. The Earl of Bothwell, instead of being a model of wickedness, is reckoned almost a saint by General J. Watts de Peyster; and old Lord Lovat, revengeful and treacherous as he was, was hardly worse than his contemporaries. The real crime with him was that he outlasted the age to which he belonged. It is a rank absurdity for a man destined to die a violent death to put off the ceremony until he has reached the age of fourscore years. All the men who shared his youthful training or who could have interpreted his motives as he understood them had returned to the dust half a generation before this aged chief of the Frasers was brought to the block. As for Judge Jeffreys, it is conceded in this volume that he was not phenomenally worse than his neighbors. Of Edward Kelly, the Australian bushranger, it can be said that his exploits were similar to those of the American bank robber whose methods used to be familiar in all frontier towns. But the other miscreants mentioned in this book are types of narrower classes. There alchemist, necromancer and crystal skryer. Hardly more than two or three can be reckoned with Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder. Jonathan Wild cannot be deprived of his pre-eminence as the commander of an army of thieves. Titus Oates stands alone, with a career as unique as his face, and one has to look about very carefully to find a parallel for either Fighting Fitzgerald or Wainewright, painter, poet and poi-But all these biographies exemplify one fact.

The worst crime a man can be guilty of is to be born into one age with aptitudes for another. Mr. Seccombe apologizes for omitting characters like Lord Verulam and Eugene Aram, but these were hardly more complex in themselves than the perconstity of Bothwell. Bacon struck the very heart of the problem of moral judgment when he said that he had been the justest judge in England down to his time, and yet that the verdict against him was the justest which had ever been passed upon any man. Bacon could never have said that if he had not been one who thought with both the men of the past and the men of the future. In one breath he compared himself with his contemporaries at their own estimate, and then added the opinion that postericy was bound to hold. He pilloried himself for the bribetakers of preceding ages, and these included every king as well as every judge in England from the time of the Norman Conquest and possibly from a far earlier date. He must have anticipated that the world would forget the community of crime in which it had hitherto lived without anxiety, and would inflict all its newfound scruples upon him. It did just this. Bacon stands and must stand for the offences of an age from which he did more than almost any other man to extricate humanity. When the public conscience is quickened, the victim of its stings gets an everlasting notoriety. This happened to Jeffreys. Even if one knew nothing about the details of English history, one could not believe that this man was the first superserviceable minion of royalty on the Bench, or the first to turn the law to murderous uses. On the contrary, it was his misfortune to be the last of a long line of men in judicial positions who had done what he did or worse, and had even supposed that they were serving God by having so-called traitors butchered according to methods prescribed by law. Many of them, if they could have revisited earth when Jeffreys was carrying on his vengeful assize in the western counties after Monmouth's rebellion, would have criticised the shortness of his list of condemned persons and would have exclaimed, "Is it thus you serve your King, since we have passed away?" But the revolt of the public against such things was strong enough in his time to overthrow him and his king, too, and so he has to stand as the symbol of cruelty and injustice. It is curious to note the contrast between his evil reputation and the singular beauty of his face in youth as shown in a portrait by Kaeller, copied in Mr. Seccombe's work. In later years his excessive potations and his all-night sittings with the rough humorists who formed his company must have changed his appearance. Moreover, Kneller doubtless flattered him. But the face would not in any case be taken for that of a cruel man, nor even for that of a man with an intense will. It is the face of a self-indulgent man who will get on in the world and who has ability. A wit who was From a good many points of view much could be said for Jeffreys. He was a typical Englishman of the cock-fighting, bear-baiting class, who had pushed his way into high place. So Leslie Stephen is justified in saying that wherever the name of Jeffreys appears "we may be certain of good sport." While he could, he baited the mob; and when the mob got its turn, he was batted; and as he was already incurably afflicted,

If Jeffreys had been a judge balf a century or a century before his actual time, he would never have been famous, no matter how cruel he had been. If Bothwell had lived in the times of Pulk Pitz Warine, or Eustace the Monk, or Hereward the Saxon, his act in blowing up the obnoxious husband of Mary Queen of Scots would have been deemed praiseworthy. But he lived in an

it took only a few months of popular annovance

to put an end to him.

wrong, even in a nobleman who aspired to the hand of a Queen. The fashion in the matter of blood like Bothwell would be hard to find in fiction which the wisdom born of accomplished Western Europe. It might be easier to hit on the counterpart of the alchemist, Sir Edward There appear to be those who still bethe possibility of transmuting base substances polished surface of a crystal ball, and these were the things on which Kelley depended for his The whole volume constitutes, when taken to- living in an age when the chances of swindling gether, an argument for British supremacy in by false pretences were somewhat more liberally provided than they are now, at least among crowned heads. Kelley could hardly take in an Emperor of Austria at the present day, but he ould find a satisfactory number of victims some what lower in the social scale. Besides, there is no telling when the fashion may come around again of believing in alchemy and sortilege and necyla and all the impurities of the age of witchcraft. Until the fashion does change in this way, readers the true pronunciation of the word, which | it is vain to hope for the recurrence of another Matthew Hopkins. He had exemplars in me diaeval worthies like Sprenger, but he has had no successor. His case is also that of a man born in an age unpropitious to his genius. A few cen turies earlier he might have slain thousands and have been reckoned a defender of the faith and order of Christendom, whereas he only pursued to their death a few score and then died in such obscurity that the manner of his taking off is the theme of untrustworthy legend. J. O. Jones, the author of Hopkins's biography in this volume, disproves the story that the witchfinder was himself punished as a wizard. Hopkins probably died safely in his bed without recovering from the hallucination that the murders he committed

were for the good of society. For another character like Titus Oates, whose entire mental organization was concentrated in the gift of lying, the world will have to wait for a time of universal religious terror and hatred. When a few dozen Jesuit fathers could put the whole realm of Great Britain in a panic, such a creature as Oates was could obtain credit and influence. But these intervals of national issani-George Robert Fitzgerald, that demoniae mixture of courage and cowardice, of rollicking humor and bloody malice, of dandyism and rufflan-Yet it must be remembered that if Fitzgerald had lived in the twelfth century he might and so he had to accept the fate, grotesque for dominance of a fixed idea. In the case of the literary poisoner Wain-wright, this view of th in Tasmania. He became a slave to optum and him for their portraits. A frightful story, the substance of which, however, has been told of of a dying fellow-convict, "You are a dead man ur-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell and I shall be dissecting your body." But one would like to completely reverse the query of and "b" ifor "good" and Barry Cornwall, "Who would have supposed that from a man who was absolutely a fop, finikin in dress, with mincing steps and tremulous words. eks painted like those of a frivolous demiren. would flame out ultimately the depravity of a poisoner and a murderer?" On the contrary, these early peculiarities seem to fix the character

The biographies in this volume have evidently been prepared with unusual care. They are accompanied in an appendix by notes giving an acscripts from which information was obtained. The illustrations are from contemporary prints and portraits which form a valuable addition to the narratives. But one must stick at the numher twelve. Why was not the thirteenth scoundrel written up "just for luck?"

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS.

WHAT THEY SHOW OF HIS CHARACTER AND MOODS-HORTENSE TO THE PRISONER

AT ST. HELENA. The literary and artistle revival of Napoleonism gives a more than purely historical interes sale at the Rue Drouot auction rooms, Paris. The objects brought to the hammer are a collection of autographs of Napoleon, his relatives, chief Ministers and Marshals, with a few others of person who went with him to Elba and St. Helena. The psychologist and the caligraphist would find much that is suggested in the different signatures of Na poleon. To begin with, the early ones show him to been tormented with self-consciousness, th root of maleficent ambition. The earliest is a let which he signs "Buonaparte fils, cadet, gentil-homme." This might be translated "Buonaparte junior -- younger brother, esquire." He is next "Buonaparte, lieutenant of artillery, gentie-man." The Revolution takes a Jacobin character. He "becomes Buonaparte, citizen of the French Republic, Bentenant of artillery." He cannot do without a handle of some sort to his name. When he is attacking the English at Toulon he Frenchifies his name, becoming "Bonaparte," but "General Bonaparte," or "General of Division Bonaparte." In Egypt he is "General Bonaparte, Member of the Institute," a learned scientific body that had then been recently founded. When Emperor he is simply "Napoleon," to resemble the other soy ereigns who in signing only used their Christian names. The signature from the date of 1806 is scarcely legible beyond the initial letter. As his on him. His will is supreme and is, indeed, the sole will. The bloodshed of the political guillotine has unstrung the nervous system of France and cleared off all the heads which could have withstood that of the domineering and semi-barbarous Corsican. There is absolutely no French check on his power. A counterpoise is only to be found in England, for the Continental blood lettings accom-

his power. A counterpoise is only to be found in England, for the Continental blood lettings accompanied by his armies leaves the nations that withstood him as flabby as the one which he has made the basis of his operations. He tires out a dozen secretaries a day to whom he dictates, and having no longer time to sign his name in full, merely scrawis an N. This letter appears at the bottom of most of the decrees. He falls and sees to Etha. There he had to try to make work for himself, and did not always succeed. The signature is again "Napoleon," but scrabbled and nervous.

A letter of Queen Hortense, written at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and dated May 18, 1821, is addressed to the captive Emperor. She speaks of her sadness at never hearing from him and hopes he has received a box she sent him two years previously, containing a portrait of her mother, the Empress Josephine. She runs on in a feminine and chaity manner, but with a touch of melancholy, about the current of her own daily life. Her great tack is the education of her son, Napoleon, who was destined to be shot in heading a revoit at Ancona against the Papal authority. She sacrifices all she can sacrifice to Napoleon, who is now with his father (the ex-King of Holland) at Rome. "I have," she adds, "lately sent an artillery officer, a man of worth and ability, to stay there with him and to serve as his preceptor. I greatly hope that he will stay with him, for Napoleon ms much imagination, and requires hard study to correct it. It would not be endurable for one bearing his name to turn out a mediocrity. Madame Maere sends me word that Napoleon is charming and that he is being well looked after. I am greatly consoled by the reflection. Sire, that children brought up in misfortune turn out better than those nursed in the lap of prosperity. At any rate love for you will be always the great motive for exertion in my sons. Louis is sweet and affectionate. He lives more according to the heart than to the head and, I fear, always will.

LITERARY NOTES

Of the twa books on which Mr. R. L. Stevenson is now engaged, one, "St. Ives," is almost purely a novel of incident and adventure. The second, "Weir of Hermiston; or, The Lord Justice Clerk," is a story of character and tragedy. "St. Ives" will be published some time next year.

A portrait of Mr. Stedman, engraved from a re cent photograph, is to be the frontispiece of the October "Century." A sketch of the poet, written by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, will accompany the portrait, The same number of the magazine is to contain an article on "The Real Edwin Booth," written by the actor's daughter.

The rather heavy face of George Egerton, here with presented, is not specially attractive, but will interest those who found something to like in her morbid and somewhat nasty book, "Keynotes" This book, she declares, she wrote for the love of writing it. merely to strike a notes on phases of female character she knows to exist. It is vulgar stuff. and it is odd that it should have passed unquestioned where a story

of noble tendencies like "Trilby" should have aroused adverse discussion.

Mr. John Codman Ropes has prepared a work on the Civil War, which is to be published by Putnams. It is to be called "The Story of the Civil War," and will contain careful maps and battle plans. The first of the three parts will be brought out next month.

"Mists" is the suggestive title of a new novel which s on the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. Its author is Fletcher Battershall, a writer only twenty years old, the son of an Episcopal clergyman in Albany. His first book, "A Daughter of This World," showed unusual ability. An effort is being made in England to buy for

the purpose of preservation Carlyle's house in Chelsea. It is becoming sadly dilapidated and the proprietors wish to sell it. It is of brick, and is 200 years old, though it dorsn't look so old as this. George Sainsbury's forthcoming book, "Corrected

Impressions," deals with a number of authors of the Victorian period.

"Under Fire" Captain Charles King's new novel, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Kipling's delightful "Jungle Book" is in its thirteenth thousand in this country.

Dr. R. M. Bucke, the ardent worshipper of Walt Whitman, is still engaged in swinging the censer, "Walt," he says in his recent Whitman Fellowship paper, "was pretty sure that the man Shaxnever wrote the 'Shakespeare' plays, but he ald not and did not commit himself to a positive declaration of opinion on the subject. His mode of dealing with a dubious matter of this kind was always by side glances and instances. particular case he had the following little anec-'At a dinner party a guest recited quite a long passage; then asked those present to say whose works it was taken. Five or six, I among them, pronounced positively that the lines vere from Shakespeare. He said that he himself felt perfectly certain, and wondered that he could not place the lines, as he was at that time familiar with the plays. No one guessed any other The passage was from Bacon." The absurdity of this test is worthy of the position it was meant to uphold.

Mr. James Payn tells an amusing story of the way in which Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" won its prize at the university. The examiners for the ear, he says, were three-the Vice-Chancellor, who had a great reputation, but a violent temper, and did not write very well; a classical professor,

who knew no poetry that was not in a dead lan-guage, and a mathematical professor. It was agreed that each should signify by the letters "g 'bad'') what he thought of the poems, and the had the manuscripts first. When the mathematical professor got them he found "Timbuctoo" scored all over with g's, and though he

nor indeed the poem itself. lid not think it worth while, as he afterward said (though the fact was he was afraid), to ask the Vice his reasons; so he wrote "g" on the said, "he did not care one lota about the matter,"
and so wrote "g" on it also; and as no other poem
had three "s's," the prize was unanimously
awarded to the author of "Timbuctoo," After all was over the three examiners happened to meet one day, and the Vice, in his absolute fashion, fell to abusing the other two for admiring the poem They replied very naturally, and with some indigthat they should never have dreamt admiring it if he himself had not scored it over with "g's." "G's!" he said; "they were 'q's,' for queries, for I could not understand two consecu-

Mr. Payn, whose portrait is given herewith, says that there was a queer resemblance between him-self and another Trinity man. "Not only was I often addressed by persons who took me for him, but people used to ask, apropos of nothing, whether I knew So-and-so. I remember making a considerable impression upon a chance pas senger in a railway train on the Cambridge line, who was staring at me rather hard, by suddenly observing, 'No, sir, I do not know Mr. So-and-so.' It had been the very question he was going to ask me, but my anticipating it seemed to him so uncanny that he got out at the next station."

A book dealing with the Empress Eugénie is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is the first of a semi-historical series, entitled "The Secret of an Empire."

The author of that brilliant novel, "Aunt Anne," has written a new book which the Appletons are about to publish. "A Flash of Summer" is the story of an unfortunate marriage.

Mr. Hugh Thomson has made ninety quaint illustrations for his forthcoming edition of Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

A handsome edition in two volumes of Kingsley's "Hypatia" is announced by the Harpers. It is to be ornamented with text and marginal illustrations by W. M. Johnson, and will contain, moreover, a photogravure portrait of the author.

The love stories of three famous beauties of Colonial days are told in a volume which Little, Brown & Co. are bringing out. These "Three Heroines of New-England Romance" are Priscilla, whose life is de-scribed by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Agnes Burriage," concerning whom Alice Brown has written a pleasant essay, and "Martha Hilton," whose story is told by Louise Imogen Guiney. The book is to be illustrated.

Lander was cross when one day a proof-sheet was brought to him in which the concluding stanza of one of his poems was grievously transmogrified.

"Yes," you shall say, when once the dream
(So hard to break) is o'er,
"My love was very dear to him,
My farm and peace were more."

"Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor," wrote the poet on the margin, "'farm' instead of 'fame' is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed My farm and my peas!"

Judge Gayarré, the Louisiana historian, is nearly athety years old and is in good health and good spirits.

Some personal reminiscences of Thackeray will be found in the forthcoming book on the "Charter-

Two hundred and sixty of the 1,000 numbered setof the new edition of Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III" have been secured for the United States by the Putnams. Ten of the portraits in the four volumes have never been published.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's new book is coming from the Harper press. It is a collection of "Notes from both sides of the Russian frontier," and is entitled "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser."

The late Mrs. Thomas Webster-otherwise Augusta Webster-left hardly a ripple on the sea of literature, though she published several volumes of verse, and was considered at one time to be Mrs.

Browning's only feminine rival in poetry. Her wort was rather picturesque and dramatic, her style was polished and careful; but she had not the genius. Her first book was published in 1850, he

A new volume of letters by James Russell Lowell s coming out in London under the title of "Mr. Lowell in England: A Series of Familiar Letters." Mr. G. W. Smalley has edited the letters and writ-

ten an introduction. "The Literary World" of London quotes a correspondent as writing thus of two noted men

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I was once present at a literary reception, at
which Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde were the
ilons for the afternoon. Unfortunately, the lions
came too early, when the few previous arrivals
were altogether too insignificant to be interwere altogether too insignificant to be interduced to them. So they had to talk to each
other. It was on a very warm Sunday afternoon in the season, and Mr. Whistler, by-the-bye,
was wearing a white "duck" waistcoat and trousers, and a fabulously long frock coat, made. I
think, of black alpaca, and carrying a brass-tipped
stick about four feet long in his right hand, and a
wonderful new paintbox, of which he was proud,
under his left arm. Neither of the lions took any
notice of what the other said. Finally Mr. Wilde,
who had spent the previous summer in America,
began. "Jimmy, this time last year, when I was
in New-York, all we men were carrying fans, it
should be done here." Instead of replying fans, it
should be done here." Instead of replying fans, it
should be done here." Instead of replying fans, it
which he had treated Mr. Whother Occar thought he was
ing sea effects. Whether Occar thought he was
ing sea effects. Whether Occar thought he was
ing to have an opportunity of scoring or what, he
was tempted to break through the contempt with
which he had treated Mr. Whistler's other remarks,
"And how many did you paint in four hours, Jimmy?" he asked, with his most magnificent air of
patronage. "I'm not sure." said the irrepressible
Jimmy, quite gravely, "but I think four or five
hundred."

The third series of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays, in-

The third series of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays, tocluding eleven of his most popular librettos, will be published this autumn. The second series was published in 1886.

Mr. Alfred R. Conkling, who has been a New-York Alderman and a member of Assembly, has written a book on "City Government in the United States," and the Appletons are about to publish it. In the course of preparation for this work, the author has visited and compared Paris, London, Glasgow, Birmingham and Berlin.

Mr. Julian Raiph, long known as an accomplished correspondent, is making some essays in fiction under the title of "People We Pass." These character studies are to be published in "Harper's Magazine," the first being found in the October number, It is a strong sketch of the tenement-house and saloon life of this city, and more effective than many a sermon on some aspects of misgovernment

Andrew Lang has a liking for marginal scrawls in books. "Collectors love a clean book," he says, but a book scrawled on may have other merits. Thackeray's countless caricatures add a delight to his old school books; the comments of Scott are always to the purpose; but how few books once owned by great authors come into the general market. Where is Dr. Johnson's Library, which must bear traces of his buttered toast? Sir Mark Sykes used to record the date and place of purchase, with the price-an excellent habit. These things are more personal than book plates which may be and are detached by collectors and pasted into volumes. The seiling value of a book may be lowered even by a written owner's name, but many a book, otherwise worthless, is redeemed by an interesting note. Even the uninteresting notes gradually acquire an antiquarian value, if contemporary with the author, They represent the mind of a dead age, and perhaps the common scribbler is not unaware of this; otherwise he is indeed without excuse. For the great owners of the past, certainly, we regret that they were so sparing in marginalia. But this should hardly be considered as an excuse for the petty owners of the present, with "their most observing In the case of one well-known man of letters, lately dead, his books will be found rich in unpublished odes and sonnets, on the flyleaves. If Shakespeare had practised thus, and if any of his books were discovered, how rich we should be! For there is more rejoicing among the curious over one sonnet undiscovered than over ninety-nine which

A prominent Chicago man has written to "The egationalist," taking it to task for having referred to the poet Whittier as no longer living.

"Among the Tibetans," a new book of travel by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, is coming from the press of the Revell Company.

Mr. Wa'ter Crane is engaged upon a volume t be called "The Decorative Illustration of Books."

"Travels in Three Continents" is the title of a volume which the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buck'er has prepared during his journeys abroad, and which will soon be published by Hunt & Eaton.

R. L. Stevenson was one day having fun with pen and ink and a box of water colors. It occurred to him to make a map of an island; so an island he drew. "It was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expresrather funny that both his predecessors should sion; it contained harbors that pleased me like sondestined I ticketed my performance Treasure Island." And this was the beginning of that fa-mous first book, "the map itself with its infinite eloquent suggestion" having most to do with the growth of the story in after life. The original title was "The Sea Cook." reminiscences of this first performance thus: my contention-my superstition if you like-that is faithful to his map and consults it and draws from it his inspiration, daily and hourly, gains positive support, and not mere negative im-munity from accident. The tale has a root there; grows in that soil, it has a spine of its own behind the words." As the writer studies it, "reistions will appear that he had not thought upon; he will discover obvious, though unsuspected, short cuts and footprints for his messengers; and even when a map is not all the plot, as in 'Treasure Island,' it will be found to be a mine of suggestion."

AN ODD FRIENDSHIP.

From The London Spectator.

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Sir: For very many years successive generation of a family of robins in our garden have been the habit of coming to the pantry window for throughout the year. There is always one be perhaps the parent pro tem, which is specially ta About a fortnight ago a young cuckoo, nearly grown and previously unseen or unnoticed, against a window and was picked up slight stunned, but otherwise uninjured. Having appently quite recovered in a day or two, it was at liberty, but has since remained in and about garden. To-day it perched on a rose tree close the house while the robin to which I have refer few to and fro, carrying bits of bread with whit fed the cuckoo in the most amusing way, robin appeared to be enjoying a game of p sometimes bringing food but frequently pretend to do so and flying off as though highly amu and delighted at the cuckoo's evident disappolment.

All the time the cuckoo showed every sign of

and delighted at the cuckoo's evident disappoinsment.

All the time the cuckoo showed every sign of interest and excitement, watching the robin's movements with intense eagerness; whonever the robin approached the window where the food stood the cuckoo would throw back its head and open an expectant beak almost wide enough to swallow the robin itself, into which occasionally as aforesaid the latter would pop a morsel in the neatest and daintiest way imaginable. The cuckoo is not erippied in the least, and flies off swiftly at sight of sound of an intruder, returning at intervals with or without the robin. The cuckoo may possibly have been hatched in the robin's nest, but I prefer to indulge in the belief that it hurf its beak or was to some extent invalided by the accident referred to, and so enlisted the sympathy and active support of its intelligent little friend, the robin.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM CAT.

From The London Chronicle.

One of the best known and most popular domestic pets in London is the British Museum cat. It is just about twelve months ago since the animal, which had apparently strayed from somewhere, attached himself to the porter's quarters facing Great Russell-st. Being a huge gray, beautifully marked cat, he was encouraged to remain, instead of being unceremoniously driven off, as assuredly would have been his fate had he been possessed of fewer personal attractions. From the first the aim has been a favorite with the attendants and the general public, now he constitutess one of the attractions of the great establishment, and is eager ly sought for by occasional visitors, both adult and juvenile.

Lately the cat has considerably extended the From The London Chronicle.

Juvenile.

Lately the cat has considerably extended the sphere of his rambles. He occasionally invades the reading-room, where he receives the attention of a stroking from even the most reserved and studious habitues. At nights the animal parades the galleries, and by an odd fancy seems to prefer the Egyptian Room, where so many embalmed sanctified specimens of his tribe are exhibited.

TREASURE-SEEKERS IN FLORIDA,

From The Cinciunati Enquirer.

From The Cinciunati Enquirer.

"It is remarkable how many people live in Florida for no other purpose than hunting hidden treasure," said E. M. Martin, "From the stories told, it would seem that there shust be millions of dollars in Spanish doubloons hidden along the Florida Coast. Some of these have actually been found, just enough to give zest to the search. Captain Kidd is supposed to have planted a few hundred thousand dollars down there, and a number of other pirates used Florida soil as a deposit bank. There are people who have lived there for twenty years in order to find treasure, and have impoverished themselves in their search for this vast wealth. There have never been any very large finds, but a number of small ones, and the belief that there are large sums hidden seems to be universal."